

Spirit of the Age.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO MORALITY, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME II.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER 29, 1850.

NUMBER 14.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

IN PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY
ALEXANDER M. GORMAN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
To single subscribers, \$1 50 per annum.
To Clubs of five, and upwards, \$1 each;
Payable in all cases in advance.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.
All Letters to the Editor must be post paid.

Choice Literature.

ADDRESS to the Young Men of the United States, on Temperance,

BY REV. C. P. M'ILVAINE, D. D.,
Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church.
[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

We say no more upon the plan of entire abstinence. But we will mention four reasons which should embolden any friend of temperance in urging it upon others.

1. It is extremely simple. All can comprehend, all can execute it. It requires no labor; costs no study; consumes no time.

2. It contains no coercion. Its whole force is that of reason. The influence of laws and of magistrates it does not embrace. No man can complain of a trespass upon his liberty, when we would persuade him to escape the drunkard's slavery by not tasting the drunkard's cup.

3. In this cure there is no pain. It is recommended to whom? the temperate—to those who, having formed no strong attachment to ardent spirit, can feel no great self-denial in renouncing its use.

4. In this remedy there is no expense. To those who complain of other works of usefulness because of their cost, this is without blame. To drink no spirits, will cost no money. But what will it save? It will save the majority of the poorer class of the population, in most of our towns, one half their annual rent. It will empty all our almshouses and hospitals of two thirds of their inhabitants, and support the remainder. Yes, such is the tax which the consumption of ardent spirits annually levies upon this nation, that the simple disuse of strong drink, throughout the land, would save in one year the value of at least five times the whole national revenue.

It is too late to say that a general adoption of the great principle of total abstinence is too much to be hoped for. A few years ago, who would not have been considered almost deranged had he predicted what has already been accomplished in this cause? Great things, wonderful things have already been effected. The enemies of this reformation, whose pecuniary interests set them in opposition, are unable to deny this fact. It is felt from the distillery to the dramshop. It is seen from Maine to the utmost South and West. Every traveller perceives it. Every venter knows it. The whole country wonders at the progress of this cause. It is rapidly and powerfully advancing. One thing, and only one, can prevent its entire success. The frenzy of drunkenness cannot arrest its goings. The hundreds of thousands in the armies of intemperance cannot resist its march. But the temperate can. If backward to come up to the vital principle of this work, they will prevent its accomplishment. But the banner of triumph will wave in peace over all the land, hailed by thousands of grateful captives from the grips of death, in spite of all the warring of the "mighty to drink wine," if those who abhor intemperance, and think they would be willing to make a great sacrifice to save their children or friends from its blasting curse, will only come up to the little effort of entire abstinence. This is the surest and shortest way to drain off the river of fire now flowing through the land. It is the moderate use of the temperate that keeps open the smoking fountains, from which that tide is poured.

To YOUNG MEN who have not yet been brought under the dominion of intemperate habits, we address the urgent exhortation of this cause. Consider the immense responsibility that devolves upon you. It is not too much to say that the question, whether this nation is to be delivered from the yoke of death—whether the present march of reformation shall go on till the last hiding-place of this vice shall be subdued, or else be arrested and turned back, with the sorrow of beholding the vanishing triumph, and the emboldened increase of all the ministers of woe which attend in the train of intemperance, rests ultimately with you. You compose the muscle and sinew of this nation. You are to set the example by which the next generation is to be influenced. By your influence its character will be formed. By your stand its position will, in a great measure, be determined. You are soon to supplant those who have passed the state of life you now are occupying. Soon the generation that is to grow up under the influence of your example and instruction, will have reached your place. Thus are you the heart of the

nation. Corruption and debasement here must be felt to the extremities of the national body. Temperance here will eventually expel, by its strong pulsations, the last remnant of the burning blood of drunkenness from the system, and carry sobriety and health to every member of our political constitution.

Are these things so? Suppose them exaggerations. Grant that the importance of your vigorous and unanimous cooperation in this work of reformation is unreasonably magnified; still, how much can you do. Were our coasts invaded by a powerful enemy, come to ravage our cities, chain our liberties, poison our fountains, burn our harvests and carry off our youth into perpetual slavery, what could young men do? To whom would the trumpet of battle be sounded so effectually? Who else would feel upon themselves the chief responsibility for their country's rescue? What excuse could they find for supineness and sloth? Such indeed is the enemy by which the country is already desolated. And now it is to the warm hearts, and the strong hands, and the active energies, and the powerful example of young men, that the dearest interests of the nation look for deliverance.

Young men, shall we not enlist heartily and unitedly in promoting the extermination of intemperance? What question have we to decide? Is it a question whether the country is cursed with this plague to a most horrible and alarming extent? No. Is it a question whether the present power and the progressive character of intemperance among us demand an immediate rising up of all the moral force of the nation to subdue it? No. Is it a question whether the most important part of the strength and success of such an effort depends upon the part in it which the young men in the United States shall take? No. Then what does the spirit of patriotism say to us? If we love our country; if we would rise in arms to shake off the hosts of an invader from our shores; if every heart among us would swell with indignation at the attempt of an internal power to break in pieces our free constitution, and substitute a government of chains and bayonets; what does the love of country bid us do, when by universal acknowledgement an enemy is now among us whose breath is pestilence and whose progress desolation—an enemy that has already done and is daily doing a more dreadful work against the happiness of the people than all the wars and plagues we have ever suffered?

What does the voice of common humanity say to us? Can we feel for human woe, and not be moved at the spectacle of wretchedness and despair which the intemperance of this country presents? Let us imagine the condition of the hundreds of thousands who are how burning beneath the hidden flame, and hastening to utter destruction by this most pitiless of all vices; let us embrace in one view the countless woes inflicted by the cruel tempers, the deep disgrace, the hopeless poverty, and the corrupting examples of all these victims, upon wives, children, parents, friends, and the morals of society; let us stand at the graves of the thirty thousand that annually perish by intemperance, and be still, and listen to what the voice of humanity speaks.

What does the exhortation of religion say to us? What undermines more insidiously every moral principle of the heart; what palsies so entirely every moral faculty of the soul; what so soon and so awfully makes man dead while he liveth; what spreads through the whole frame-work of society such rottenness, or so effectually opens the door to all those powers of darkness by which the pillars of public order are crumbled, and the restraints of religion are mocked; what so universally excludes from the death-bed of a sinner the consolations of the Gospel, or writes upon his grave such a sentence of despair, as intemperance? Behold the immense crowd of its victims! Where are they not seen? Read in the book of God that declaration, "nor thieves, nor drunkards, shall inherit the kingdom of God;" then listen to what the exhortation of Christian benevolence speaks to us. Is it asked, "What can young men do? We can do this one thing at least. We can continue temperate. What if every one of us, now free from the appetite of strong drink, should hold on to our liberty; how would the ranks of intemperance, which death is continually wasting, be filled up? But how shall we continue temperate? Not by using the means of destruction. Not by a moderate indulgence in the cup of seduction. Not by beginning where all those began who have since ended in ruin. But by entire abstinence from strong drink. Let us renounce entirely what cannot profit us, what forms no important item in our comforts, what may bring us, as it has brought such multitude as strong as we, to the mire and dirt of drunkenness.

But we can do something more. We can contribute the influence of our example to bring into disrepute the use of ardent spirits for any purposes but those of medicine. If any of us are confident

that we could go on in the moderate, without ever coming to the immoderate use of strong drink, we know that the deliverance of the country from its present curse is utterly hopeless while ardent spirits is in the hands of the people. It must be banished. Public opinion must set it aside. Young men must contribute to form that opinion. It cannot be formed without the total abstinence of the temperate. Let us not dare to stand in its way.

But we can do something more. We have an influence which, in a variety of ways, we may use in the community to diminish the temptations which, wherever we look, are presented to the unwary to entice them to intemperance. We can employ the influence of example, of opinion, and of persuasion, to drive out of fashion and into disrepute, the common but ensnaring practice of evincing hospitality by the display of strong drink and of testifying friendship and goodwill over the glass. We can contribute much powerful co-operation in the effort to make the use of ardent spirits for the ordinary purposes of drink so unbecoming the character of temperate people, that he who wishes to have his reputation for temperance unsuspected, will either renounce the dangerous cup, or wait till no eye but that of God can see him taste it. We can do much in union with those of more age and more established influence, to create a public feeling against the licensing of those innumerable houses of corruption where seduction into the miseries of drunkenness is the trade of their keepers, and the means of destruction are vended so low, and offered so attractively, that the poorest may purchase his death, and the strongest may be persuaded to do so.

These horrible abodes of iniquity not only facilitate the daily inebriation of the veteran drunkard, but they encourage, and kindle, and nourish, and confirm the incipient appetite of the novice, and put forth the first influence in that system of persuasion by which the sober are ultimately subdued and levelled to the degradation of wretches, from whose loathsomeness they once turned away in disgust. Why are these instruments of cruelty permitted? Not because the authorities will not refuse to license them. Public opinion is the conscience of those authorities. Let the opinions and feelings of that portion of the community where the strength and patronage of society reside, be once enlisted in opposition to such houses, and the evil will be remedied; the morals of society will not be insulted, nor the happiness of families endangered at every step by the agents and means and attractions of intemperance. Young men have much to do, and are capable of doing a great work in creating such a public opinion.

In order to exert ourselves with the best effect in the promotion of the several objects in this great cause to which young men should apply themselves, let us associate ourselves into Temperance Societies. We know the importance of associated exertions. We have often seen how a few instruments, severally weak, have become mighty when united. Every work, whether for evil or beneficent purposes, has felt the life, and spur, and power of co-operation. The whole progress of the temperance reformation, thus far, is owing to the influence of societies; to the coming together of the temperate, and the union of their resolutions, examples and exertions, under the articles of temperance societies. Thus examples have been brought out, set upon a hill and made secure. Thus the weak have been strengthened, the wavering confirmed, the irresolute emboldened. Thus public attention has been awakened, public feeling interested, and public sentiment turned and brought to bear. Thus works have been performed, information distributed, agencies employed, and a thousand instruments set in motion which no industry of individual unassociated action could have reached. Let temperance societies be multiplied. Every new association is a new battery against the strong-hold of the enemy, and gives a new impulse to the hearts of those who have already joined the conflict. Let us arise and be diligent, and be united; and may the God of mercy bless our work.

THE ADVANCE OF CHRISTIANITY.—Ephesus itself is not so famous on account of that temple which "the rash youth" fired, as it is in connection with the religion which was assailed in its streets, and which has long survived its ruin. As we look back through the reconsecrated light of history, it is a sublime sight to see Christianity going forth to its conquests in the persons of humble and unarmed Apostles, than if it had marched with legions. Thus it might have topped over walls and cut down opposition, but with only a transient and unobtainable success. Now we look at the marble statue, the gorgeous temple, the whole array and strength of idolatry, and know that in the simple current of truth they shall dissolve away. A power has confronted them, noiseless yet sure, as destiny, which shall permeate and change them, and they shall be no more!

Rev. E. H. Chapin.

"GIVE WISELY."

One evening, a short time since the curate of B—, a small village in the north of France, returned much fatigued to his humble dwelling. He had been visiting a poor family who were suffering from both want and sickness; and the worthy old man, besides administering the consolations of religion, had given them a few small coins, saved by rigid self-denial from his scanty income. He walked homewards, leaning on his stick and thinking with sorrow, how very small were the means he possessed of doing good and relieving misery.

As he entered the door, he heard an unwonted clamor of tongues, taking the form of a by no means harmonious duet; an unknown male voice growling forth a hoarse bass, which was completely over-crested by a remarkably high and thin treble, easily recognised by the placid curate as proceeding from the well-practiced throat of his housekeeper, the shrewish Perpetua of a gentle Don Abbondio.

"A pretty business this, Monsieur!" cried the dame, when her master appeared, as with flashing eyes, and left arm akimbo, she pointed with the other to a surly-looking man, dressed in a blouse who stood in the hall, holding a very small box in his hand. "This fellow," she continued, "is a messenger from the diligence, and he wants to get fifteen francs as the price of the carriage of that little box directed to you, which I am sure, no matter what it contains, can't be worth half the money."

"Peace, Nanette," said her master; and, taking the box from the man, who at his approach, civilly doffed his hat, he examined the direction.

It was extremely heavy, and bore the stamp of San Francisco, in California, together with his own address. The curate paid the fifteen francs, which left him but a few sous, and dismissed the messenger.

He then opened the box, and displayed to the astonished eyes of Nanette an ingot of virgin gold and a slip of paper on which was written the following: "To Monsieur the Curate of B—"

A slight token of eternal gratitude, in remembrance of August 28th, 1848.

CHARLES F—
Formerly sergeant-major in the 1st regiment, now a gold-digger in California. On the 28th of August, 1848, the curate was, as on the evening in question, returning from visiting his poor and sick parishioners. Not far from his cottage he saw a young soldier with a haggard countenance and wild bloodshot eyes, hastening towards the bank of a deep and rapid river, which ran through the fields. The venerable priest stopped him and spoke to him kindly.

At first the young man would not answer and tried to break away from his questioner; and the curate fearing that he meditated suicide, would not be repulsed and at length with much difficulty, succeeded in leading him to his house. After some time, softened by the tender kindness of his host, the soldier confessed that he had spent in gambling a sum of money which had been entrusted to him as sergeant-major of his company. The avowal was made in words broken by sobs, and the culprit repeated several times, "My poor mother! my poor mother! if she only knew!"

The curate waited until the soldier had become more calm, and then addressed him in words of reproof and counsel such as a tender father might bestow on an erring son. He finished by giving him a bag containing one hundred and thirty francs, the amount of the sum unlawfully dissipated.

"It is nearly all I possess in the world," said the old man, "but by the grace of God you will change your habits, you will work diligently, and some day, my friend, you will return me this money, which indeed belongs more to the poor than me."

It would be impossible to describe the young soldier's joy and astonishment. He pressed convulsively his benefactor's hand, and after a pause, said:—

"Monsieur, in three months my military engagements will be ended. I solemnly promise, that with the assistance of God, from that time I will work diligently. So he departed bearing with him the money and the blessing of the good man."

Much to the sorrow and indignation of Nanette, her master continued to wear through the ensuing winter, his old threadbare suit, which he had intended to replace by warm garments; and his dinner frequently consisted of bread and soup margre.

"And all this," said the dame, "for the sake of a worthless stroller, whom we shall never see or hear of again!"

"Nanette," said her master, with tears in his eyes, as he showed her the massive ingot, whose value was three thousand francs, "never judge hardly of a repentant sinner. It was the weeping Magdalen who poured precious ointment on her master's feet; it was the outlawed Samaritan leper who returned to give Him thanks. Our poor guest has nobly kept his word. Next winter my sick people will want neither food nor medicine, and you must lay in plenty of flannel and frieze for our old men and women, Nanette!"—Household Words.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

The criminality of any action must be measured by the actor's clear perception of good and evil, which implies the retention and exercise of his moral power. If, then, the limited use of intoxicating drinks, or exciting draughts, be deemed innocent, where, we ask, does the vice of intemperance begin? At what time? Certainly not when the morbid thirst begins to rage, when the passions are all excited and caution is lulled into inaction, for under circumstances like these, when a pleasing exhilaration—the deceitful forerunner of incipient intoxication, quickens his intellectual activity? Not at all—for experience shows that the partaker is too often unconscious of such effect, and he indulges until caution loses its power of action. The man then, who, in his sober senses, tastes in the least quantity of that which may intoxicate, commits the crime of drunkenness, unless he is certain that he can retain his moral power to stop at the safe side of the line that separates sobriety from intemperance—a line which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to define. It follows then, that he, who, in vain-glorious self-confidence tastes, touches, or handles the accursed thing, is like the phrenzied religionist who flies not, but actually seeks temptation in order to achieve a conquest. Poor deluded mortals! the victory is too often against them. The only true safe guard against intemperance is TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—S. C. Temp. Advocate.

From the Richmond Era.

ANOTHER DROP OF BITTERNESS FROM THE WORM OF THE STILL.—I would not ruthlessly invade the sanctuary of domestic grief under any circumstances. This I hold under ordinary circumstances, alike sacred with the memory of the dead. And I hope if those, upon whom the afflicting dispensation of Providence, of which I am about to speak, has fallen so heavily, should ever look upon the record of this sad event, that they will not regard it as a wanton allusion to this sad bereavement; but as a warning against the evil consequences of the abominable vice which has produced the death of a young man in the bloom of health and promise.

On the day—, 1849, there was instituted in the county of—, a Division of the Sons of Temperance. A short time thereafter, there was a young man, who was solicited and became exceedingly anxious to join, whereupon he made application to his father for money to pay his initiation fee; and was sternly refused.

The Division was in a very flourishing condition, and every inducement offered to this young man to join; and he became so exceedingly anxious, that he was prompted again to apply to his father for permission to join the Division, and was met by this encouraging declaration. "No—, you shall never join the Order while I exercise legitimate control over you. I mean to buy a barrel of whiskey, and we'll drink when we think proper; and before long some of these Sons of Temperance will be hankering around my cellar like sheep after salt." This promise was complied with.—The prediction however has not yet been verified. Before the barrel of whiskey was out, the abundant crop of fruit with which Heaven has blessed the labors of his mercies was ready for distillation. About the 1st of September the Devil's tea kettle commenced boiling, and the nectar of woe to run from the worm of the still; but a few weeks afterwards, this young man, who in all human probability had not, up to the time of his application to his father for permission to join the Sons of Temperance, drank a pint of distilled spirits in his life, was confined to a bed of affliction, by the use of New Brandy. In vain was all the medical skill of the country exhausted upon him. Five days after his attack, I followed him to his last resting place. Who, in the day of final retribution, will be responsible for the premature death of this young man? Oh what horrors will tear the soul of his unnatural father, as wending his way to the Bar of God he meets his murdered son, who will write, in blazing letters upon the forehead of his father, the word murderer, that he may go labelled with his crime! Truly this nectar of woe—the Devil's peculiarly fostered and favorite agent, provides death with a rich banquet, and its author with numberless victims. The most remarkable feature displayed in this work of the Devil, is that while his agents are almost constantly clad in mourning, and their sun of peace, happiness, and joy, is constantly shut out from their view by the dark cloud of smoke from the distillery, they are kept profoundly ignorant of the desolation and woe with which they overwhelm themselves and their fellow-men. You who are nursing an appetite for this horrid juice in your children, beware, lest you find them in the arms of premature death, and the sight write upon your soul, with the sting of a scorpion, the conscious conviction that 'thou art the man' who perpetrated the horrid deed.

No. 298.

Charlottesville, Oct. 25, 1850.

The Kentuckians find it a difficult matter to "plank up" the cash for railroads, and have turned their attention to plank roads. What is a more lovely sight than that of a youth, growing up under the heavenly influence of goodness and truth!

SUNDAY READING.

THE DOWNWARD COURSE OF SIN.

1. Men enter and initiate themselves in vicious practices by smaller sins. Heinous sins are too alarming for the conscience of a young sinner; and therefore his only ventures upon such are smaller, at first.—Every particular kind of vice creeps in this gradual manner.

2. Having once begun in the ways of sin, he ventures upon something greater and more daring. His courage grows with his experience. Now, sins of a deeper die do not look so frightful as before. Custom makes everything familiar. No person who once breaks over the limits of a clear conscience knows where he shall stop.

3. Open sins soon throw a man into the hands of ungodly companions. Open sins determine his character, and give him a place with the ungodly. He sums the society of good men, because their presence is a restraint; and their example a reproof to him. There are none with whom he can associate but the ungodly.

4. In the next stage, the sinner begins to feel the force of habit and inveterate custom, he becomes rooted and settled in an evil way. Those who have been long habituated to any sin, how hopeless is their reform. One single act of sin seems nothing; but one after another imperceptibly strengthens the disposition, and enslaves the unhappy criminal beyond the hope of recovery.

5. The next stage in a sinner's course is to lose the sense of shame, and sin boldly and openly. So long as shame remains, it is a great drawback. But it is an evidence of an uncommon height of impiety, when natural shame is gone.

6. Another stage in the sinner's progress is to harden himself so far as to sin without remorse of conscience. The frequent repetition of sin stupefies the conscience. They, as it were, weary it out, and drive it to despair. It ceases all its reproofs, and, like a frequently discouraged friend, suffers the insatiable sinner to take his course. And hence.

7. Hardened sinners often come to boast and glory in their wickedness. It is something to be beyond shame; but it is still more to glory in wickedness, and esteem it honorable. Glorious ambition indeed!

8. Not content with being wicked themselves, they use all their arts and influence to make others wicked also. They are zealous in sinning, and industrious in the promotion of the infernal cause. They extinguish the fear of God in others, and laugh down their own conscientious scruples. And now.

9. To close the scene, those who have thus hardened themselves, are given up of God to judicial blindness of mind and hardness of heart. They are marked as vessels of wrath fitted for destruction. This is the consequence of their obstinacy. They are devoted to the judgment they deserve. Reader, view it with terror.

Dr. Witherspoon.

NO CREDIT GIVEN HERE.—In the course of his travels with his own horse, Dr. Chas. Jewett, the temperance lecturer, once entered a country tavern, where he sat down by the bar-room fire to warm his fingers.—His keenly roving eye soon discovered prominent, over rows of bottles with highly colored contents, in large letters, the inscription, "NO CREDIT GIVEN HERE." Turning to the landlord (to whom he was personally unknown), he said, "Ah! I see you bring your people square up to the mark!" Yes, replied the landlord; "It's no use to trust run customers now-a-days. We must get it as we go along, or never get it." Jewett warmed his fingers awhile, and then turning to the other, said—"I think I could add a word or two to your inscription, that would make it very nice." "What would you add?" inquired the landlord. "Give me a pen, and a piece of paper, and I will show you." "Walk into the bar; there's a pen and ink—help yourself." The Doctor walked into the bar, and taking up a pen, wrote as follows:

"No credit given here."
And yet I've cause to fear,
That there's a Day-Book kept in heaven,
Where change is made and CREDIT GIVEN!

Laying down the pen and leaving the lines, he walked to the fire and again sat down, expecting an explosion. The landlord, whose curiosity was somewhat moved, went behind the counter to see what he had written. A pause of some minutes ensued, when the Doctor, glancing round, saw to his great pleasure, and somewhat to his surprise, from the intimation of dampness about his eyes, that he had driven a nail in a sure place. "A word fitly spoken, how good is it."

The Reverend Rowland Hill, in a conversation on the powers of the letter H, where it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration or breathing, took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being to all intents and purposes a letter, and concluded by observing that if it were not, it was a very serious affair to him as it would occasion his being ill all the days of his life.

There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.